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Title: The Daemon Prince

Author: Nas'Rath  
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My story begins  
many moons ago, in a  
land such as this but  
not quite. I was born  
and raised by my  
mother, Moria, in the  
city of Yew. She was  
human, or so I  
thought, but then  
again I thought the  
same of myself during  
my younger days.  
Mother and I lived  
far out in the forest,  
as she was a ranger,  
and I her burden of  
love. She also said we  
had to stay in the  
forest for I was born  
when both Felucca and  
Trammel had eclipsed  
the sun, a rare sight  
indeed, with even  
rarer consequences, and  
because of this the  
townspeople said I  
was cursed. I had not  
heard, nor seen, my  
father during these  
days, but on one  
dreadful night that  
all changed. Mother  
was fixing dinner,  
while I collected  
firewood, until I heard  
her scream. I ran as  
fast as I could back  
to the campsite only  
to find mother  
crumpled in a heap  
before a giant winged  
creature with a crown  
of pure obsidian upon  
his massive head. He  
turned to me with  
a blood red gaze from  
the shadows, smiled,  
and addressed me.

"Nas'Rath."

Of course I had no  
idea who Nas'Rath  
was at the time,  
with the belief that  
my name was  
Gregorus Winthrop.  
"Nas'Rath, my son,  
you have come about  
quite well"

I merely pointed to  
myself and shook my  
head, believeing this  
creature to be quite  
insane.

"This my come as a  
shock, my son, but I  
am your father,  
Ra'Mord, and this  
succubus is not your  
real mother. Come, my  
child, and walk with  
me."

I had no other choice  
out of fear for my  
own life, and the last  
glimmer of hope that  
I could catch him off  
guard and avenge  
mother, I walked with  
him. He told me  
everything. About how  
mother was merely  
ordered to bring about  
my true nature, and  
that she had not done  
as ordered and had to  
be killed as  
punishment. Also that  
I was not human, that  
I was, in fact, a  
daemon just as he  
was. I was abit taken  
back by these words,  
but one other thing  
caught me off guard,  
that I was indeed the  
prince of daemons. I  
was shocked and  
speechless, barely able  
to stand. Just the  
mere thought of it,  
me, a prince. Ra'Mord  
sensed these feelings,

and with a sigh,  
knelt down to me and  
said,

"Child, take these and  
I shall be on my  
way."

He presented me with  
two objects. One a  
horned, ruby crown,  
the other a  
meticulously crafted  
scythe of pure ruby. I  
placed the crown upon  
my head, and took the  
scythe in hand as  
Ra'Mord turned his  
back and began to  
walk away. Malicious  
thoughts ran rampant  
through my mind.  
How could he kill the  
only thing that ever  
loved me and walk off  
like this? How could  
he claim to be my  
father and abandon  
me? How could I be a  
daemon? With a  
slight gleam in my  
eye of rage and loss,  
I turned, drew the  
scythe, and cut my  
own father in half. I  
stood there, motionless,  
looking over the body  
of this beast. It was  
big, strong, and most  
likely not easy to  
best in combat. But I  
had bested him, I had  
avenged mother, and it  
felt so good. I felt  
alive, as alive as I  
was running through  
the cold night woods  
when I was younger,  
as alive as I felt  
when mother told me  
she loved me, and then  
I knew. I knew  
everything Ra'Mord  
had told me was true,  
and I knew that  
mother would only  
rest peacefully when  
all those who had

shunned her and her  
child were dead. I  
carefully wrapped  
mother in a piece of  
cloth, and journeyed  
through the forest  
towards Britain. I  
found an abandoned  
house, quite nice  
actually, though in a  
state of disrepair, and  
I walked in carrying  
mother with me.  
There I found a bed,  
and laid mother in it.  
I said goodbye to  
mother for the last  
time, then set the  
house ablaze, and I  
stood there watching  
it burn until I felt  
that mother was gone.  
I walked East, to  
Britain, but not  
without felling many  
of those  
self-proclaimed  
virtuous heathens. My  
task was clear, to  
kill and kill again  
until every last one  
of them had been  
slain. I started my  
reign of terror in  
Skara Brae, then  
moved on to Trinsic,  
but I did not finish  
Trinsic. Out of fear  
for their own lives  
the townsfolk  
organized a mob, and  
found me in the  
cemetery to the  
north-east. I, now  
much bigger and  
stronger than I had  
been as a child, fought  
them off to the best  
of my ability, but alas  
I could not stop that  
one sword, that one  
katana, from piercing  
my skull and leaving  
me dead. I remember  
nothing of an  
afterlife, it was as an  
endless sleep devoid of  
dreams, just total

darkness. My own  
thoughts were my  
company, and the  
souls of the dead my  
bread and water. I had  
been dead for what  
seemed like centuries  
before I saw a small  
glimmer in the  
darkness, and that  
glimmer grew and  
grew, but so did my  
darkness. I awoke to  
find an old man  
leaning over me,  
cackling madly and  
screaming out for  
someone, that is until  
I slit his throat with  
my claws and left  
him for dead. I know  
nothing of what  
happened to him, but  
I, my scythe, and my  
crown were all intact,  
save one thing, I was  
in another body. This  
body was not my own,  
for my body was that  
of a daemon, not of a  
human. I masqueraded  
as a human for a  
time, learning their  
spells, their culture,  
their religion, and I  
hated all of it. I made  
it quite clear to  
myself that my  
method was not good  
enough, that I needed  
magic. I joined with  
the Order of the Ebon  
Skull, who helped me  
to realize my true  
form, the form that  
you see now, but that  
ever familiar man  
with the black  
wizard's hat offered  
me something far  
greater, power and  
riches beyond my  
wildest dreams. Thus,  
I have become the  
master of this library,  
and with it, power  
beyond that of mere  
mortals. I am now

Nas'Rath, Prince of  
the Society of the  
Arcane Shadows.